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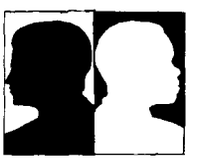
Henry Nouwen

GENERATION WITHOUT FATHERS CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP TOMORROW

BLACK PANTHERS AND WHITE RADICALS



NOTES FROM NEW HAVEN *Paul Starr*

LAW AND ORDER IN HAYMARKET SQUARE 86 YEARS AGO

Russell Gibbons

Attention People of Chicago!
HAYMARKET SQUARE
WORKERS MEMORIAL
MEETING
Sunday at 2:30 o'clock, May 3, 1970
Honor the Memory of the 8-hour day Strikers

ARTHUR A. COHEN **ON DIVINE DISOBEDIENCE** • WILLIAM L. O'NEILL **ON MARGARET SANGER** • BRIAN WICKER **ON RICHARD HOGGART** • DANIEL CALLAHAN **ON CHRISTOPHER DAWSON** •

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NEWS & VIEWS

Viet Student Justice

The 60 foreign relief service volunteers in Vietnam, who remonstrated to President Nixon over the Cambodian invasion, touched on a fact of Vietnamese life which doesn't claim much coverage: the suppression of the Saigon student movement.

The protest to Mr. Nixon directed attention to the "arrest and torture" of student leaders, and the "repeated violent and brutal dispersion" of peaceful protest. It stopped short of the gory details.

Not so a report circulating from World Council of Churches worker in Saigon, Don Luce. It makes your flesh crawl.

Pins under fingernails; truncheon beatings on knee caps and necks; cigarette burns to nipples and penis; electric shock to ears, tongue, genitals; soapy-water injections into ears, followed by beatings about the head—these are some of the refinements of Thieu-Ky student-justice.

The youths are tortured, then released as a warning to others who are struggling against the war and agitating about freedom of the press, the autonomy of the university, and other debits in Vietnamese society.

Leo Dorsey, a volunteer social worker with the Unitarian Universalist Committee, sought to take the sordid issue to Ambassador Bunker. Of course he got nowhere. Dorsey was told that the Ambassador could not meet with him and his group, that they should meet instead with Deputy Ambassador Burger. Subsequently they were told that this meeting was impossible, too.

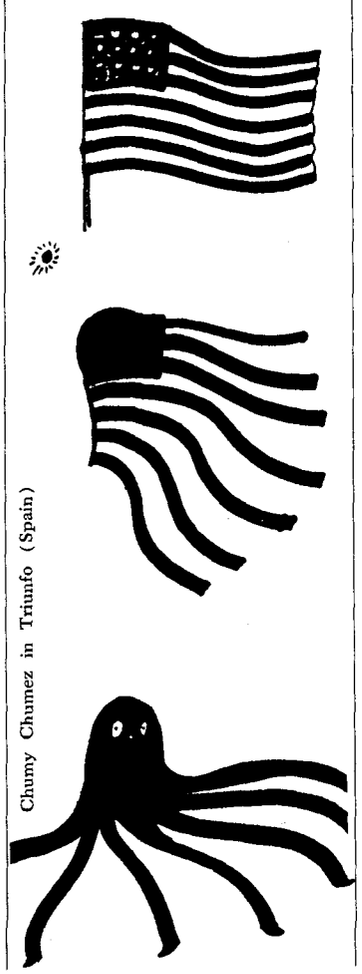
In their protest to the President, the volunteers reminded Nixon of the obvious and the ignored: "The students are the future leaders of Vietnam; if we are not truly concerned with their civil liberties and their essential human rights, we may find in the future that we have left them with a bitter and undying remembrance of our silence in their time of need."

One would like to think that the counsel of the volunteers would be heeded. But in Washington, Spring, 1970, that's an illusion, unfortunately, of the wildest sort.

Speaking of youth—American youth, now—how different could be the relationship between Washington and the generations of tomorrow if the view across the generation divides was that of Senator Frank Church instead of that of the Administration.

"It does no good to tell these young people that our 'will and character are being tested,' that we shall not be humiliated or accept our first defeat," Church said recently before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "They do not believe that a mistaken war should be won. They believe it should be stopped. That, for them, is the path of honor."

It's a précis so accurate one wishes it was youth negotiating the end of the war, not the bureaucrats whose history and training are hot and cold wars. The world would have a better chance.



Chumy Chumez in Triunfo (Spain)

Repression in France

Lids are being lowered in France, and in many respects what's happening is a duplicate of events here. The "silent majority" enjoys an ascendancy, and a concerted effort is in progress to rally them behind a program to stamp out the "noisy minority."

The latest gimmick: an "anti-destroyer" law which would "curb new forms of delinquency" by assigning a collective responsibility to political disorders of every kind.

A feature of the bill is to make membership alone in an organization grounds for incrimination, when that organization is involved in so-called disorderly action. In other words, an individual may be ignorant of the action and miles removed from it, but he's liable. It's a blatant form of guilt by association.

The new French law is a cresting of sorts of a wave of repression. It comes in the wake of numerous 24-hour "preventive" arrests, jailings—with or without trial—for "extreme left-wing" activities, the banning of leftist political meetings, the firing of radical teachers and professors, and an official censorship.

Naturally, the repression strongly favors vested political and economic interests. Take censorship.

Nouvel Observateur recently revealed the banning in France of the political writings of Carlos Marighela, the Brazilian dissident. Marighela's *Pour la libération du Brésil* was brought out by Editions du Seuil, but no sooner was the book on the market than it was ordered off by the Ministry of the Interior.

No explanation was offered, but for *Nouvel Observateur* the motive was obvious enough: the Pompidou government "does not want to undermine the economic strategy it is now carrying out in Brazil," the prospects of which are "spectacular" ("French investments . . . would be as lucrative as those made by Americans").

Nor is that the only price of honor to be paid for Brazilian gain; also planned is the expulsion of the most active Brazilian exiles (list to be supplied by Brazil).

This "clean-up operation completed," said *Nouvel Observateur*, the French delegation will be able to proceed to Rio next October to preside at the "renaissance of the French economic presence in Brazil."

Odds and Ends

—Editorial employees of the *New York Daily News*, which is off somewhere to the right of Bill Buckley, bought space in the *New York Times* to condemn U.S. policy in Indochina. Sixty-four signed the ad; more than 30 others participated anonymously, fearful no doubt of recriminations at that citadel of red, white and blue values. The ad cost $850, plus $75 special-handling. It was originally intended for publication in the *Daily News*, but was turned down without explanation or apologies.

—Bert Flax of *The Hack* is alive and well, and posing obviously as William O'Donnell, managing editor of *The Guardian*, Diocese of Little Rock. O'Donnell on Kent State: "The United States is in the grip of the international, atheistic Communist conspiracy, and the pattern of the campus demonstrations and riots across the country proves it." There's a man for the Administration's heart.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Abortion Debate

Bronx, N.Y.

To the Editors: I was happy to see the editorial on the abortion debate in the April 24 issue of *Commonweal*. It helped remove the disappointment I had experienced after reading Father Drinan's article "The State of the Abortion Question" [April 17].

Having read eagerly Denis Cavanagh's article, "Reforming the Abortion Laws: a Doctor Looks at the Case," in the April 18 issue of *America*, I then, just as eagerly, turned to *Commonweal* for a lawyer's contribution to enlightenment of the issue. I found Father Drinan's article inconclusive and some assumptions unwarranted and some implications unsound. Perhaps at some future time, he might be able to clarify some of the following points:

What criteria would justify departing from the traditional task assigned to law of protecting those unable to defend themselves? If indeed it "would be better if the law were silent about abortion and thus left this matter to the good conscience of parents and physicians," would it not follow that other laws such as those punishing parents who maltreat their children ought also be rescinded?

Does not a complete abstinence from framing laws on abortion entail not merely a possible future relinquishment of individual rights as Father Drinan sees following on present legislation, but an actual, here and now relinquishment of the individual's right to act as a member of society concerned with the behavior of his fellow men?

Secondly, why does he dismiss the "possibility of a total prohibition of abortion" and imply that those who believe in the inviolability of fetal life ought to "acquiesce in the withdrawal of criminal penalties against those who would destroy this fetal life"?

Next, what other determinants than minimizing the number of fetal deaths does he as a lawyer suggest?

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DAY OF THE HARD-HATS

When hard-hatted construction workers took to the streets in New York to attack student anti-war demonstrators, the basic facts were disturbing enough. Once started, the workers punched, kicked and beat with tools and assorted weapons any and all students they could lay their hands on—preferably, of course, those with long hair or sporting peace symbols. Older onlookers who tried to interfere received similar treatment, and all this was aided and abetted by New York's police, who closed their eyes to what was going on. That, in bare outline, is what happened in New York in early May, and, again, the facts themselves are disturbing enough. Even more frightening is the historical parallel that inevitably suggests itself whenever bullyboys take to the streets to silence the opposition—the specter of fascism. Those Europeans who imagine that America is on the brink of that disease are wrong, we think; our democracy has strengths that have not yet been tested. Nonetheless, this is not the time for complacency, and the day of the hard-hats in New York deserves sober reflection all over the country.

What makes the aggressive hard-hats tick? Any complete answer would have to be complicated, but an important factor would be fear. Not really a fear of Communism or the Vietcong, but a fear of change. The hard-hats' resort to violence on the streets is their response to a society that is changing too rapidly for them. This is a fact that can hardly be overemphasized. In a relatively short space of time the face of America—and the world—has changed almost beyond belief. In the course of a few decades, most of the eternal verities have fallen by the wayside or stand threatened. The Negro will no longer "stay in his place" and the black revolution is a fact, threatening all-white unions and all-white neighborhoods. Jews are less and less isolated in our society. Boys wear long hair, and girls wear jeans. Wages go up beyond our fathers' dreams, but inflation outpaces them. American campuses have become politicized and young people radicalized. A certain number of conservative Protestants must bemoan the fact that, since Kennedy, Catholics seem to get in all over, and conservative Catholics bewail the fact that the post-conciliar church will never be the same again. On the international scene the Soviet Union challenges our power, in the

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Mideast and elsewhere, and China puts its first satellite into orbit. The plain fact is that we live in a rapidly changing world, that many of the changes are, beyond argument, fear-inspiring. Add to this fear produced by rapid change the super-patriotism that is characteristic of so many lower- and middle-class ethnic groups in this country, and you have a dangerous situation.

In the Christian tradition a nation always stands under the judgment of God, and men must walk humbly in the light of that truth. For large sections of the population, however—including, let it be said, many Catholics—this tradition no longer exists. Indeed the situation is even worse than that, for the super-patriots go further by totally identifying the nation's cause with that of God. How could we have been guilty of sin with our policy of obliteration-bombing during the second World War, therefore, and how could we be wrong now in Vietnam? To them America is righteous and her cause unquestionably just; if this is so, then, anyone who questions national conduct is an enemy, fully deserving assault on the street. "Love it or leave it." For many in America, nationalism and traditional religion fuse to form a quasi-mystical substitute for the national religion we do not possess. How else explain the attitude toward the Stars and Stripes, comparable only to the attitude of the Christian toward the Cross? The American vision of ourselves as somehow a chosen people does not die, and it is at once political and religious. In this sense it has come to be true that many Americans have a common religion, but one emptied of specific religious content and harnessed to the cause of nationalism. It is this religion which sent the hard-hats into the streets, and it would be a serious mistake to underestimate its driving force. This is not the Weimar republic, but crusades have come from less explosive ingredients, and from this crusade could come nothing but tragedy.

BRAZIL AND THE POPE

When Dom Helder Camara laid before Pope Paul VI data documenting the Brazilian government's rule by threat, detention and torture, the Pope exclaimed in anguish, "Everything you told Us was true. The church must know how to make its own the ire of the poor and nonviolent." An official of the Department of International Affairs of the U.S. Catholic Conference, Fr. Louis Colonnese, has now proposed the Pontiff support those words with deeds, possibly by breaking diplomatic relations between the Vatican and Brazil.

It is an urgent suggestion, one which merits swift implementation by him who is cast by history as a kind of conscience of the world. Pope Paul is in a strategic position to move international objection to Brazilian policy beyond protest and symbolic gestures to significant action. He should seize the moment.

Christopher Dawson

Had it not ended earlier, one would like to be able to say that the death of Christopher Dawson, on May 25 in his 80th year, marked the end of an era. But the long period of fascination with the idea of a Christian culture came to a close at least a decade ago. Christopher Dawson published little after his retirement from Harvard in 1962, and when he stopped writing there were none to carry on. Perhaps it was all a dream anyway, the notion that Western culture could remain Christian, somehow passing through the crisis of pluralism and secularity. The present evidence suggests that Christianity long ago gave up hope, contenting itself instead with a so-far fruitless quest to find a way to live with a culture not of its making, its glories behind it. It is a long way from Chartres to T-groups.

Though I was Christopher Dawson's assistant for three years at Harvard, his work did not make an immediate impression on me. I appreciated the history he taught me, as did his students, and I came to a fresh understanding of the role of Christianity in forming Western culture. But for me—child of the times—the new theologies of secularity, conciliar renewal, "relevance," and free-wheeling pluralism were far more attractive. While it was never fair to say that Dawson yearned for a return to the middle ages, he did dislike the 20th century; it was alien to the life he knew best, that of an English country scholar born and raised during the reign of Queen Victoria. He once told my wife, quite seriously, that "the world came to an end when the Queen died." All of this was too much for a liberated Irish Catholic graduate student feasting on the riches of a Harvard as fashionably up-to-date as it was secular.

That was my mistake, or half a mistake at least. It was true that Dawson wanted to hold on to a Christian culture, and that still exerts little pull. But more fundamentally the whole point of his life's work was to show that in one form or another every culture needs a religious basis, some way in which it relates its civic and political life to powers and values which transcend its daily life. We have tried in the West to do away with that kind of a foundation for society. Everyman has become his own culture, joined to his fellows by common tastes and passions, superintended by an increasingly desiccated lust for the "human," that great term supposedly able to supply us with all our values and undergird all our institutions. Dawson knew that would never be enough. I'm afraid we are finding out the hard way he was right. I hope some will take the trouble to read him again and see why. DANIEL CALLAHAN

(Daniel Callahan, former executive editor of Commonweal, *is director of the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences.)*

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WOBBLIES, WEATHERMEN AND HAYMARKET SQUARE

FOUR SCORE AND SIX YEARS AGO...

Bad enough that his peer group was under attack throughout the country, the Chicago fuzz lamented, "but now they even erect plaques honoring the bomb-throwers."

He stood on the outer rim of a crowd of some 400 gathered on a bright Sunday afternoon in Chicago's Haymarket Square, a place familiar to generations of high school history students as an introduction to riots, anarchists and violence. Seven cops were killed there on May 4, 1886, the texts usually said, "and an undetermined number of strikers."

Few of them ever mentioned that it was a lawful, peaceful assembly to protest police action of the previous day against strikers engaged in the nationwide campaign for the eight-hour day. Historians still debate if it was a police *provocateur* or an 1886 crazie, but the net result was the same: the eight-hour day was delayed for almost three decades and a climate of political repression set in to the tune of Gay Nineties law 'n order.

Chicago's fathers memorialized their finest with a life-size statue of an iron cop on a corner of the Haymarket, now a square near the Des Plaines overpass of the Eisenhower Expressway. The plaque on the statue's base, offensive to several generations of Chicago working people and immigrants, failed to mention that the Haymarket bust was in violation of the mayor's instructions and that the police killed several workers when they fired indiscriminately into the crowd.

Last October, someone (possibly a spiritual descendant of one of the "wild-eyed, bad-smelling wretches" of 1886, more probably some individual Weathermen types) decided that the iron fuzz should be busted himself, and the statue was blown off its base. Following appropriate cries of rage and calls for all-out war from the various police-line and fraternal groups, the broken cop was hauled to the city warehouse.

When the Illinois Labor History Society asked for equal space earlier this year to erect a metal plaque in Haymarket to honor the fallen strikers and the eight-hour-day movement, officials declined "because they did not want to get things stirred up." Bill Garvey, a staff editor with the Steelworkers and an ex-hard-rock miner from upstate New York who has working experience with police clubs, was not easily put off: he observed that a building occupying one corner of the Square was owned by Chicago Catholic Charities, and following a brief flurry of telephone calls from worker-priest types, permission to erect the plaque was obtained.

On a rainy Thursday preceding May Day, one of the finest in a patrol car read the inscription on the new plaque which Garvey and an associate had erected earlier in the day. By that Saturday the iron cop had reappeared, his upraised hand pointed toward the crowd that would gather the next day to dedicate the rival memorial. The 36-hour restoration amazed even Chicago bureaucrats, and right-wing radio jockey Walley Phillips was called upon to rally some law 'n order types to beef up the payrollers and the fuzz at the "re-dedication" ceremony the day after the labor people had their spiritual return to Haymarket.

The Chicago Police training cadets—in their brown shirts—were on hand as Mayor Daley lamented the passing of the days when a policeman's nightstick meant something. But it was at the labor gathering that the cop's Red Squad worked up a sweat. As with such squads in other big city departments, they operate with Laurel and Hardy finesse, stuffing their pockets with a copy of every handbill and newspaper being distributed, taking down names and asking reporters to identify the speakers. Two obvious plainclothesmen with movie cameras filmed the event, recording for the inner-city counter-insurgency dossiers the words of everyone from author Studs Terkel to Monsignor Vincent Cook, the director of Catholic Charities.

A neo-Wobbly kid not yet 20 hawked copies of *The Industrial Worker,* which included circa 1970 Wob propaganda: a smiling thing who was anybody but Bernardine Dohrn, whose bikini was labeled "One Big Union" and the unliberated top two globes with "IWW" adorned on them. "Hell, even the old left has lost dignity," said one of the union people.

Another kid offered that it would have been a rerun of the original event if the cops had scheduled their rival demonstration the same day, but as it turned out, the only confrontation was the iron cop facing the aluminum plaque on opposite sides of the Haymarket. Ironically, the police had their restoration gathering on the day of the actual Haymarket anniversary, May 4.

The date will make the history books again. By the time the law 'n order speakers were finished and the blue-shirted cops and the brown-shirted cadets and the white shirted payrollers broke up to go back to their beats, the Ohio National Guard had taken up positions on the Kent State Commons. And the outraged shopkeepers of Kent were already saying that there was only one way to handle those who fomented in riots and anarchy and the disruption of authority.

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

(Russell W. Gibbons is a labor editor, resident in Pittsburgh.)

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Andrew Greeley, Divine Sociologist

The May 31 *New York Times Book Review* contains a review of Francine du Plessix Gray's *Divine Disobedience*. It is a very different sort of review than the one which appears elsewhere in this issue of *Commonweal*. The reviewer denigrates the book as another of *The New Yorker*'s ventures in "Catholicism-as-entertainment." The book is "romance," an account of the "the deeds of derring-do of romantic revolutionaries." The reviewer asks, rhetorically, whether the priests at Emmaus House may not be "just poseurs"; whether the Berrigans are "counterproductive"; whether Ivan Illich's ideas are improbable; and whether all these Catholic radicals are not "so self-righteous" as to preclude any effectiveness. "To ask these questions is not necessarily to imply an answer," he adds; but his own flat statements—the subjects of *Divine Disobedience* contribute little to reform of church and nation; they are "marginal romantics"—suggests otherwise.

The reviewer, of course, in case you have not recognized the signature of his vocabulary, is Andrew M. Greeley. Greeley is a phenomenon probably as worthy of profile as the heroes of Mrs. Gray's book. He writes books the way Father Lord used to write pamphlets. He produces a "spirituality" column which seems to be the *National Catholic Reporter*'s gesture to readers suffering from eye-strain. He writes a syndicated column for the Catholic press—which is where the fighting Greeley shows his stuff.

The fighting Greeley is a man fearlessly opposing "party-line Catholic liberals," "flabby-minded, guilt-ridden liberals," "myth-making journalists," "moral self-righteousness," and a mysterious cabal he calls the "Catholic family" made up of "journalists in key positions on Catholic and secular journals" who have "almost absolute power on what ideas" will be heard or what personalities elevated into heroes in American Catholicism. If a man's character can be known by the enemies he makes, then Andrew Greeley's public pose can be ascertained from the epithets he uses for others. Clearly, a man of no party, hard-headed and not flabby-minded, a puncturer of myths, free of guilt, self-righteousness and the other mental shortcomings which cloud the vision of the weak.

Eugene C. Bianchi recently called Greeley "the protector of Middle Catholicism," and I suspect that Greeley might welcome the title with pride. He holds a set of convictions about the situation of the great "middle" of the Catholic church (which he opposes to the "elite"), and about the institutional church and its possibilities. These convictions are arguable. If only Father Greeley would argue them. Instead he prefers sneers, name-calling and distortion!

Are the Berrigans counterproductive to the cause of peace? I would be interested in what tools and evidence a sociologist like Father Greeley might wield to answer his own rhetorical question. But Greeley proceeds otherwise. He puts down whatever might appear in *The New Yorker* as "entertainment"—surely a rather dated tactic in reference to a magazine which has printed Hannah Arendt on Eichmann, Richard Harris on civil liberties, and Daniel Lang on Vietnam atrocities. He tars the Berrigans with the term Walt Rostow devised to justify our pursuit of the war in Vietnam: "romantic revolutionaries." He writes that their act "may contribute to the feelings of moral superiority and to the guilt feelings of Catholic liberals (and a party line liberal is overjoyed when he can feel guilty)." He announces that most of the men leaving the priesthood "are the weak, the timid, the immature, the ones who lack conviction and commitment . . . the passive dependents." He has, on various occasions, pronounced on Catholic liberals who hate the church, on Irish liberals who hate themselves, on ex-seminarians who hate authority. How he knows so much about everyone else's interior life—or even who is Irish and who is an ex-seminarian—is a wonder. We can all thank God that such a powerful intellect is himself free from any self-righteousness or moral superiority!

Father Greeley's statements are occasionally high comedy. Last summer, after years of rapping the knuckles of pessimistic observers of the Catholic scene, Father Greeley suddenly declared, "For the first time in my life, I am profoundly worried about American Catholicism. I was away for a month from direct contact with events in the American church, and on return was astonished to see how dramatic a change has taken place in so short a time." It all happened, you see, just when Father Greeley turned his back.

Much of Greeley is less amusing—particularly his cavalier attitude toward the truth. A recent column began by repeating a bit of malicious (and unlikely) gossip about the editor of the *New York Review of Books*, making the man out to be a neurotic and a fool. Did Greeley call his victim to check the anecdote or at least, à la Jack Anderson, give him a chance to deny the charge? Of course not, Embattled keepers of the faith are apparently exempt from the responsibilities which burden the lowly "myth-making journalists." Andrew Greeley, Agnew Dei! Have mercy on us.

PETER STEINFELS

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GENERATION WITHOUT FATHERS

Christian leadership of tomorrow

HENRY NOUWEN

There is an old Jewish story which might help us to set the right tone when we discuss Christian leadership in tomorrow's world.

One day a young fugitive, trying to hide himself from the enemy, entered a small Jewish village. The people were kind to him and offered him a place to stay. But when the soldiers looking for the fugitive asked where he was hiding, everyone became very fearful. The soldiers threatened to burn the village and kill every man in it, unless the young man were handed over to them before dawn. The people went to the rabbi and asked him what to do. The rabbi, caught in the dilemma whether to hand over the boy to the enemy or to have his people killed, withdrew in his room, took the bible and started to read, hoping to find an answer before dawn. After many hours, in the early morning his eyes fell on the words: "It is better that one man dies than that the whole people be lost."

Then the rabbi closed the bible, called the soldiers and told them where the boy was hidden. And after the soldier led away the fugitive to be killed, there was a feast in the village because the rabbi had saved the life of the people. But the rabbi did not celebrate. He stayed in his room with a deep, sad feeling pervading him. At that moment the prophet entered and asked: "Rabbi, what have you done?" The rabbi said: "I handed over the fugitive to the enemy." Then the prophet said: "But don't you know that you have handed over the Messiah?" "How could I know?" the rabbi replied anxiously. Then the prophet said: "If, instead of reading your bible, you had visited this young man just once and looked into his eyes, you would have known."

We are challenged to look into the eyes of the young man and woman of today running away from our cruel ways. Perhaps just that will be enough to prevent us from handing him over to the enemy and enable us to lead him out of his hidden place into the middle of his people to redeem them from their fears.

Therefore we have two questions to answer: 1. How does the man of tomorrow look today? 2. How can we lead him to where he can redeem his people?

I. The Man of Tomorrow

In order to say anything meaningful about the man of tomorrow we have to discover, understand and interpret certain behavioral trends in the lives of those who are in the process of becoming. If man of today is often called an anonymous member of Riesman's lonely crowd, man of tomorrow will belong to the children of this lonely crowd. When we look into the eyes of the many young men and women who are on the border of adulthood, we must be able to see at least something of the coming world. Three characteristics of the children of the lonely crowd which seem to be of crucial importance for the shape of Chrisian leadership in the world of tomorrow appear to be

1. Inwardness.
2. Fatherlessness.
3. Convulsiveness.

The immense literature about college youth and the coming man suggests that the generation which is going

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to ask for a new kind of leadership can be called the *inward generation,* the *generation without fathers* and the *convulsive generation.* These three titles are names for trends of development which we not only have to understand and interpret but also to project into our cloudy future.

The Inward Generation

In a recent study about the college generation of today, published last October, Jeffrey K. Hadden, found that the best word to characterize the coming generation was: "the inward generation." It is the generation which gives absolute priority to the personal and which tends in a remarkable way to withdraw into the self. This might seem surprising for those who are thinking of our youth in terms of highly activistic, protest-sign-carrying people, who have their teach-ins, sit-ins, walk-ins and stay-ins all over the country and who think in many terms about themselves except one: inwardness.

But first impressions are not always the right ones. Let me tell you about a recent development of a famous youth center in Amsterdam. Last summer this center, called Fantasio, attracted thousands of young people from all over the world to be embraced by a psychedelic dreamlike atmosphere.

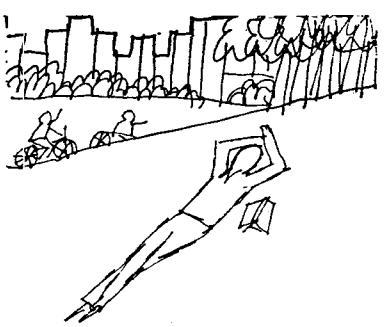
The building was divided into many small, cozy, wall-to-wall painted rooms. Young people with long beards, long hair, dressed in colorful dresses, quite often parts of old liturgical vestments, were sitting there quietly smoking their stick, smelling their incense, and letting themselves be touched by the rhythmic sounds of the flesh-and-blood pervading music.

But now things are different. The young leaders threw out all psychedelics, remodeled their center into a very sober and more or less severe place and called it instead of Fantasio: Meditation Center the Kosmos. In the first issue of their new paper they wrote: "Cut off your long hair, throw away your beads, put on simple clothes, because now things are going to be serious." Concentration, contemplation and meditation have become the key words of the place. Yogis give classes in body control, people sit and talk for many hours about Chuang Tzu and the Eastern mystics and everyone is basically trying to find the road which leads inward.

You might be inclined to qualify this as the odd peripheral behavior which you find in every modern society, but Jeffrey Hadden shows that this behavior is a symptom of something much more general, much more basic and much more influential. It is the behavior of men who experience that there is nothing out-there or up-there on which they can get a solid grasp, which can pull them out of their uncertainty and confusion. No authority, no institution, no outside concrete reality has the power to call them out of their anxiety and loneliness and to make them free. The only way is the inward way. If there is nothing out-there or up-there, perhaps there is something meaningful, something solid in-there. Perhaps there is something to discover in the depth of the most personal self, which holds the mystery which can give the experience of meaning, freedom and unity.

The German sociologist Shelsky speaks about our time as a time of continuing-reflection. Instead of an obvious authority telling us how to think and what to do, the continuing-reflection has entered into the center of our existence. Dogmas are the hidden realities which man has to discover in his own interiority and self-consciousness as sources of self-understanding. The modern mind, Shelsky says, is in a state of constant self-reflection, trying to penetrate deeper and deeper into the core of its own individuality.

But where does this lead man? What kind of man will



result from this inward moving self-reflection generation? Jeffrey K. Hadden writes:

> The prospects are both ominous and promising. If turning inward to discover the self is but a step toward becoming a sensitive and honest person, our society's unfettered faith in youth may turn out to be justified. However, inwardness' present mood and form seems unbridled by any social norm or tradition and almost void of notions for exercise of responsibility toward others (*Psychology Today,* October, 1969).

Jeffrey K. Hadden is the last one to suggest that the inward generation is on the brink of revitalizing the contemplative life and is ready for new forms of monasticism. His data show, first of all, that inwardness can lead to a form of privatism, which is not only anti-authority and anti-institutional, but also very self-centered, highly interested in material comfort and immediate satisfaction of existing needs and desires. But he also indicates that this does not have to be that way and that the possibility exists that the new reality discovered in the deepest self can be "molded into a commitment to transform society." The inwardness of the coming man can lead just as well to a higher level of hypocrisy as to the discovery of the reality of the unseen which can make for a new world. Much, if not

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everything, will depend on the kind of leadership given to this inward generation. But before we can speak to that question we have to come to a better understanding of the dynamics of inwardness through discussing the second title given to the coming man: man without fathers.

Parents But No Fathers

The many who call themselves father or allow themselves to be called father, from the Holy Father to the many father Abbots all the way to the thousands of fathers trying to hand over some good news, should know that the last one who will be listened to is the father. We are facing a generation, which has parents but no fathers, a generation in which everyone who claims authority—because he is older, more mature, endowed with more maturity, intelligence or power—is suspect from the very beginning. There was a time, and in many ways we see the last spastic movements of this time still around us, in which man's identity, his manhood and power, were given him by the father from above. I am good when I am patted on the shoulder by him who stands above me. I am smart when some father gives me a good grade. I am important when I studied at a well-known university as the intellectual child of a well-known professor. In short, I am who I am considered to be by one of my many fathers.

We could have predicted this since we accepted that man is not worth what he is given, but what he makes of himself. We could have expected this since we have said that faith is not the acceptance of centuries-old traditions but an attitude which grows from within. We could have known this since we started saying that man is free to choose his own future, his own work, his own wife.

But today, seeing that the whole adult, fatherly world, stands helpless before the threat of an atomic war, the eroding poverty and the hunger-death of millions in a few months, we see that no father has anything to tell us simply because he lived longer than the coming man. An English underground beat group yells it out:

> The wall on which the prophets wrote
> is cracking in the seams.
> Upon the instruments of death
> the sunlight brightly gleams.
> When every man is torn apart
> with nightmares and with dreams
> will no one lay the laurel wreath
> as silence drowns the screams.

This is what the coming man is watching and he knows that he has nothing to expect from above. Looking into the adult world he says:

> I'm on the outside looking inside.
> What do I see?
> Much confusion, disillusion,
> all around me.
> You don't possess me
> don't impress me
> just upset my mind.
> Can't instruct me or conduct me
> just use up my time.

The only thing left for him is to try it alone. But not with proud bravery or contempt for the fathers telling him that he will do better, but instead with the deep-seated fear of complete failure. But he prefers to fail himself than to believe in them who have already failed in front of his own eyes. He only can say in the words of a modern song:

> Confusion will be my epitaph
> as I crawl a cracked and broken path.
> If we make it we can all sit back and laugh.
> But I fear tomorrow I'll be crying,
> yes I fear tomorrow I'll be crying.

But this fearful generation rejecting their fathers and quite often rejecting the legitimacy of every person or institution that claims authority is facing a new danger: to become captive of themselves. David Riesman says: "As adult authority disintegrates, the young are more and more the captives of each other. . . . When adult control disappears, the young's control of each other intensifies" (*Psychology Today,* October, 1969).

Instead of the fathers, the peers become normative. Many young people who are completely unimpressed by the demands, expectations and complaints of the big bosses of the adult world, show a scrupulous sensitivity to what their peers feel, think and say about them. Being considered an outcast or a dropout by the adults does not worry them. But being excommunicated by the small circle of friends to which they want to belong can be an unbearable experience. Many young people can even become enslaved by the tyranny of their peers and while appearing indifferent, casual and even dirty to their elders, their indifference is often carefully calculated, their casualness studied in the mirror and their dirty appearance based on a detailed imitation of their friends.

But the tyranny of the fathers is not the same as the tyranny of the peers. Because not following the fathers is quite a different thing from not living up to the expectations of the peers. The first means disobedience, the second non-conformity. The first creates guilt feelings, the second feelings of shame. In this respect there is an obvious shift from a guilt culture to a shame culture. This shift has very deep consequences, for when a man does not aspire any longer to become adult and take the place of the fathers, and when the main motivation is conformity to the peer group, we might witness the death of a future-oriented culture or—

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to use a theological term—the end of an eschatology. No desire anymore to leave the safe place and to travel to the father's house which has so many rooms, no hope to reach the promised land or to see Him who is waiting for his prodigal son, no ambition to sit at the right or the left side of the Heavenly Throne. Staying home, keeping in line and being in with your little group, that is important. But that also is an absolute vote for the status quo.

This trend raises real questions for the Christian leadership of tomorrow. But I would be giving a very one-sided picture as a basis for this leadership if we did not wait a moment and first take a careful look at the third aspect of the coming generation, called convulsiveness.

Convulsiveness

Inwardness and fatherlessness might suggest a very quiet and contented future in which man keeps to himself and tries to conform to his own little in-group. But then we do not take into account the fact that many of these developments are closely related to a very deep-seated unhappiness with the society in which man finds himself. There is an all-pervading feeling in many young people that there is something basically wrong with the world in which they live and that co-operation with existing models of living would be a betrayal of the self. Everywhere we see restless and nervous people, unable to concentrate and often suffering from a growing sense of depression. The knowledge that what is shouldn't be the way it is, combined with the lack of workable alternatives, often leads to frustration able to express itself in an undirected violence which destroys without clear purpose, or to a suicidal withdrawal from the world which is more a sign of protest than the result of a new-found ideal.

Immediately after the surrender of the exhausted state of Biafra, a few weeks ago, two high school boys in France, Robert 19 years old, and Regis, 16 years old, burned themselves to death and urged many of their peers to do the same. Interviews with their parents, pastors, teachers and their friends revealed the horrifying fact that all these students were deeply engaged in the social problems of their world, but had become so overwhelmed by the hopeless misery of mankind and the incapacity of the adults to offer any real faith in a better world, that they chose to put their bodies to fire as their ultimate way of protest. To reach a better understanding of the underlying feelings of such students let me quote from a letter of a student who had stopped studying and was still trying to find a new world. He wrote to his mother on January 1, 1970:

> Society forces me to live an unfree life, to accept values which are no values to me. I reject the society as it now exists as a whole, but since I feel compassion for people living together, I try to look for alternatives. I have given myself the obligation to become aware of what it means to be a man and to search for the source of life. Church people call it "God." You see that I am traveling a difficult road to come to self-fulfillment, but I am proud that I seldom did what others expected me to do in line of a so-called "normal development." I really hope not to end up on the level of a square, chained to customs, traditions and the talk of next-door neighbors. . . .

This letter seems to me a very sensitive expression of what many young men feel. A fundamental unhappiness with their world, a strong desire to work for a change, but a deep doubt that they will do better than their parents and a nearly complete lack of any kind of vision or perspective. In this frame of reference I think that much erratic and undirected behavior must be understood. A man who feels caught like an animal in a trap might be dangerous and destructive because of his undirected movements caused by his own panic.

This convulsive behavior is often misunderstood by those who have power and feel that society should be protected against the protesting youth. They do not recognize the tremendous ambivalence which is behind much of this convulsive behavior and instead of offering creative channels they tend to polarize the situation and radicalize those who are in fact only trying to find out what is worthwhile and what is not.

The generation to come is desperately asking for a vision, an ideal to dedicate themselves to, a "faith" if you want. But this drastic language is often misunderstood and considered more as a threat than a plea for alternatives of living. Riesman, speaking about the radical students on campus, writes that many

> *adults* fear to be thought old-fashioned or square and, by taking the part of the radical young without seeing the latter's own ambivalence, they are often no help to them but contribute to the severity of pressures from the peer group. And I expect to see that some faculty who have thought of themselves as very much on the side of students will themselves join the backlash when many students fail to reciprocate and are especially hostile towards the permissive faculty who have in the past been on their side (*Psychology Today*, October 1969).

This is obviously an important suggestion for the future leader. His own attitude towards the convulsive young will be critical for the question of how the world of tomorrow will look.

Inwardness, fatherlessness and convulsiveness. These three characteristics of today's young people draw the first vague lines of the face of the coming generation. Now we are ready to ask what is expected of him who aspires to be a Christian leader in the world of tomorrow.

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II. Tomorrow's Leader

When we now ask what the implications of our prognosis are for the Christian leadership in the future, three characteristics of the leader come to mind:

1. The leader as the articulator of the inner events.
2. The leader as the man of compassion.
3. The leader as a contemplative critic.

Articulation

The inward man is faced with a new and often dramatic task to come to terms with the inner tremendum. Since the God out-there or up-there is more or less dissolved in the many secular structures in which we can feel relatively at ease, the God within asks an attention as never before. And just as the God outside could be experienced not only as a loving father but also as a horrible demon, the God within can be not only the source of a new creative life but also the cause of a chaotic confusion.

It is known that the greatest complaint of the Spanish mystics, St. Teresa of Avila and St. John of the Cross, was the lack of spiritual guides, who could help them to find the right paths to walk on and to distinguish between creative and destructive spirits. It hardly needs emphasis how dangerous the experimentation with the interior life can be. Not only drugs but different concentration practices and withdrawal into the self can often do more harm than good. On the other hand it also is becoming obvious that he who avoids the often painful encounter with the inner-reality of the Unseen is doomed to live a supercilious, boresome and superficial life.

The first and most basic task of the leader of tomorrow therefore is to help take the immense confusion which might arise when people enter this new infernal world. And it is a painful fact to realize how poorly formed most Christian leaders prove to be when they are invited to be spiritual leaders in the true sense. Most are used to thinking in terms of large organization, getting people together in all kinds of buildings, churches, schools and hospitals and to running the show as a circus director, that they have become unfamiliar with, and even somewhat afraid of, the deep and very significant movements of the spirit. I am afraid that in a few decades the church will be accused of having failed in its most basic task: to offer man creative ways to communicate with the source of his own life.

But how can we avoid this danger? I think by no other way than to enter, first of all, ourselves into the center of our existence and to become familiar with the complexities of our own inner life. As soon as we feel at home in our own house, discover the dark corners as well as the light spots, the closed doors as well as the drafty rooms, our confusion will disappear, anxiety lessen and creative work become possible. The keyword here is *articulation*. The man who can articulate the different movements of his inner life, who can give names to his contrasting experiences, no longer has to be a victim of himself but is able to slowly and consistently remove the obstacles which prevent the spirit from entering, and create space for Him whose heart is greater than his own, whose eyes see more than his and whose hands can heal more than he can.

This articulation, I believe, is the basis for a spiritual leadership in the future. Because only he who is able to articulate his own experience can offer himself to his fellowman as a source of clarification. The Christian leader is therefore first of all, the man who is willing to put his own articulated faith at the disposal of those who ask his help. In this sense he is a servant of servants, because he is the first to enter the promised but dangerous land to tell those who are afraid what he has seen, heard and touched.

This might sound very theoretical, but the concrete consequences are obvious. In practically all priestly functions, such as pastoral conversation, preaching, teaching and liturgy, the emphasis will very much be to help people recognize the work of God in them. The Christian leader, minister or priest, is not the man who hands out God to his people—who gives something he has to those who do not have it—but the man who helps those who are searching to discover the reality as the source of their own existence. In this sense we can say the Christian leader leads man to confession, in the classic sense of the word: the basic affirmation that man is man and God is God and that without God man cannot be called man.

In this context pastoral conversation is not a skillful use of conversation techniques to manipulate people into the Kingdom of God, but a deep human encounter in which one man is willing to put his own faith and doubt, his own hope and despair, his own light and darkness at the disposal of him who wants to find a way in his confusion and touch the solid core of life. In this context preaching means more than handing over any tradition, rather the careful and sensitive formulation of what is happening in the community so that those who listen can say: "You say what I suspected, you express what I vaguely felt, you bring to the fore what I fearfully kept in the back of my mind. Yes, yes—you say who we are, you recognize our condition. . . ."

When a listening man is able to say this, then the ground is broken to receive the word of God, and no leader has to worry that it will not bear fruit. The happy realization that man doesn't have to run away from his fears and hopes but can see his own self in the face of the man who leads him, will make him un-

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derstand the words of salvation which in the past often came down upon him as words from a strange and unfamiliar world.

Teaching in this context does not mean to tell the old story over and over again, but means first of all to offer channels through which the young person can discover himself, clarify his own experience and find the anchor-places in which the word of God can get a firm hold. And finally in this context liturgy is much more than ritual. It can become a real celebration when the liturgical leader is able to give a name to the space where joy and sorrow touch each other as the ground on which it is possible to celebrate life and death as well.

So the first and most basic task of the Christian leader in the future will be to lead his people out of the land of confusion to the land of hope. Therefore he has to have the courage to be an explorer first of the new territory in his own self and to articulate his discoveries as a service to the inward generation.

Compassion

By speaking about articulation as a form of leadership we have already suggested the place where the future leader will stand. Not up-there, out-there, far-away or secretly hidden, but in the midst of his people with an utmost visibility.

If we now realize that the future generation is not only an inward generation asking for articulation but also a fatherless generation looking for a new kind of authority, we have then to ask what the nature of this authority will be. I cannot find a better word than *compassion*. It is compassion that has to become the core and even the nature of authority. When the Christian leader wants to consider himself a man of God for the future generation, he can be so only insofar as he is able to make the compassion of God with man—which has become visible in Jesus Christ—credible in his own world.

The compassionate man stands in the midst of his people but does not get caught in the conformistic forces of the peer-group, because through his compassion he is able to avoid the distance of pity as well as the exclusiveness of sympathy. Compassion is born when we discover in the center of our own existence not only that God is God and man is man, but also that our neighbor is really our fellowman.

Through compassion it is possible to recognize man's craving for love in our own heart and his cruelty in our own impulses, to see our hope for forgiveness in our friend's eyes and our refusal in their bitter mouths. When they kill, we know that we could have done it; when they give life, we know that we can do the same. For a compassionate man nothing human is alien: no joy and no sorrow, no way of living and no way of dying.

This compassion is authority because it does not tolerate the pressures of the in-group, but breaks through the boundaries between languages and countries, rich and poor, educated and primitives and pulls man away from the fearful clique into the large world where he can see that every human face is the face of a fellowman. This means that the authority of compassion is the possibility of man to forgive his brother. Because forgiveness is only real for him who has discovered the weakness of his friends and the sins of his enemy in his own heart and is willing to call every human being his brother. A fatherless generation looks for brothers who are able to take away their fear and anxiety, who can open the doors of their narrowmindedness and show them that forgiveness is a possibility which dawns on the horizon of humanity.

The compassionate man who points to the possibility of forgiveness, helps man to free himself from the chains of his restrictive shame, allows him to experience his own guilt and restores his hope for a future in which the lamb and the lion can sleep together.

But here we need to be aware of the great temptation of the Christian leader to come. All over, Christian leaders, men as well as women, have become more and more aware of the need for more specific training and formation. This need is realistic and the desire for more professionalism in the ministry is understandable, but the danger exists that instead of making man free to let the spirit grow, the coming minister will entangle himself in the complicated ropes of his own so-called

competence and use his specialism as an excuse to avoid the much more difficult challenge to be a compassionate man. The task of the Christian leader is to bring out the best of man and to lead him forward to a more human community. The danger is that his skillful diagnostic eye becomes more an instrument for distant and detailed analysis than a reflection of a compassionate partner. And if the priests and ministers of today would think that more skill-training would be the solution for the problem of the Christian leadership for the future generation, they might end up being more frustrated and disappointed than the leaders of today. More training and formation are just as necessary as more bread for the hungry. But just as bread given without love can cause war instead of peace, professionalism

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without compassion will degenerate forgiveness into a gimmick and the kingdom to come into a blindfold.

This brings us to the final characteristic of the Christian leader for the future generation. If he wants to be, not just one in the long row of professionals who try to help man with their specific skills, but really an agent not only leading man from confusion to hope, but also his world from chaos to harmony, he has to be not only articulate and compassionate but also a contemplative at heart.

Contemplation

If it is true that the inward fatherless generation wants to do any possible thing to change the world in which they live but tends to act spastically and convulsively, due to a lack of credible alternatives, the question arises how the Christian leader will be able to direct the explosive energy into creative channels and to really be an agent of change. It might sound surprising and perhaps even contradictory, but I think that what is asked of the Christian leader of the future is to be a contemplative critic.

I hope I will be able to prevent the free association of the word contemplative with a classic monastic life lived behind walls with a minimal contact with what is going on in the fast-moving world. What I have in mind is a very active, engaged form of contemplation which is of an evocative nature. This needs some explanation.

Man who does not know where he goes and what kind of world he is heading to, and wonders if bringing forth children in our chaotic world is not more a sign of cruelty than of love, often will be tempted to become sarcastic or even cynical. He laughs at his busy friends, but does not know what else to offer. He protests *against* many things but does not know what to witness *for*.

But the Christian leader who has discovered in his own self the voice of the calling spirit and has rediscovered his fellow-man with compassion might be able to look at the persons he meets, the contacts he has, and the events he becomes a part of, in a different way and reveal the first lines of the new world behind the veil of everyday life. As a contemplative critic he keeps a certain distance to prevent absorption in what is most urgent and most immediate, but that same distance allows him to bring to the fore the real beauty of man and his world, which is always different, always fascinating, always new.

It is not the task of the Christian leader to go around nervously trying to redeem people, to save them at the last minute, to put them on the right track. Man is redeemed, once and for all. The call of the Christian leader is to help man to affirm this great news, and to make visible in the daily events, the fact that behind the dirty curtain of his painful symptoms there is something great to be seen: The face of Him in Whose image he is shaped. In this way the contemplative can be a leader for a convulsive generation because he can break through the vicious circle of immediate needs asking for immediate satisfaction and can direct the eyes of those who want to look at what is beyond their impulses and lead their erratic energy into creative channels.

Here we see that the future Christian leader in no way can be considered as a man who is just concerned about individuals asking help in adapting themselves to their demanding world. In fact, the Christian leader who is able to be a critical contemplative will be a revolutionary in the most real sense. Because by testing all he sees, hears and touches on their evangelical authenticity, he is the man who is able to change the course of history and lead his people away from the panic-stricken convulsions to the creative action which will make for a better world.

He does not pick up every protest sign to be in with those who express their frustration more than their ideas, nor will he easily join those asking for more protection, more police, more discipline and more order. But he will look critically at what is going on and make his decision based on insight into his own vocation and not on the desire for popularity or the fear of rejection. He will criticize the protesters as well as the rest-seekers, when their motives are false and their objectives dubious.

The contemplative is not needy or greedy for human contacts, but is guided by a vision of what he has seen beyond the trivial concerns of a possessive world. He does not bounce up and down the waves of fashion of the day and the hour, because he is in constant contact with what is basic, central, and ultimate. He does not allow anybody to worship idols and constantly invites his fellowman to ask the real, often painful and upsetting questions, to look behind the surface of smooth behavior and to take away all the obstacles which prevent him from getting to the heart of the matter. The contemplative critic takes away the illusory mask of the manipulative world and has the courage to show what the real situation of man is. He knows that he is considered by many as a fool, a madman, a danger for society and a threat for mankind. But he is not afraid to die since his vision makes him transcend the difference between life and death and makes him free to do what has to be done here and now, notwithstanding the risks involved.

More than anything else he will look into the reality of the concrete situation in which he finds himself, for signs of hope and promise. The contemplative critic has the *sensibility* to notice the small mustard seed and the trust that "when it has grown it is the biggest shrub of all and becomes a tree so that the birds of the air come and shelter in its branches." He knows that if there is hope for a better world in the future the signs must be visible in the present and he will never curse

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the now in favor of the later. He is not a naive optimist who expects that all his frustrated desires will be satisfied in the coming days, nor a bitter pessimist who keeps repeating that the past has taught him that there is nothing new under the sun, but a man of hope who lives with the unshakable conviction that now he is seeing a dim reflection in a mirror, but that one day he will see face to face.

The Christian leader who not only is able to articulate the movements of the spirit but also is able to contemplate his world with a compassionate but critical eye may expect that the convulsive generation will not choose death as the ultimate desperate form of protest, but instead the new life of which he has made visible the first hopeful signs.

Conclusion

We looked into the eye of the young fugitive and found him inward, fatherless and convulsive. We wanted to prevent ourselves from handing him over to the enemy to be killed, and instead to lead him to the center of our village and to recognize in this coming man the redeemer of a fearful world. To do this we are challenged to be articulate, compassionate and contemplative.

Is this too much of a task? Only if we feel we have to accomplish this, everyone on his own. But if anything has become clear in our days, it is that leadership is a shared vocation which develops by working closely together in a community where men and women can make each other realize, as Teilhard de Chardin said, "to him who can see, nothing is profane."

Having said all this I realize that I have done nothing else than rephrase the fact that the Christian leader must be in the future what he always had to be in the past: a man of prayer, a man who has to pray and who has to pray always. This might come as a shock in all its simplicity, but I hope that I succeeded in taking away all the sweet, pietistic, and churchy aura attached to this so often misused word.

Because a man of prayer is, in the final analysis, the man who is able to recognize in his fellowman the face of the Messiah and make visible what was hidden, and touchable what was unreachable. The man of prayer is a leader exactly because through the articulation of God's work with him he can lead his fellow-man out of confusion to clarification, through his compassion he can guide him out of the closed circuit of his in-group to the wide world of humanity, and through his critical contemplation he can convert his convulsive destructiveness into creative work for the new world to come.

BLACK PANTHERS AND WHITE RADICALS

Notes from New Haven

PAUL STARR

The student revolt, though sometimes solely ascribed to the war in Southeast Asia, emerged from the rebellion of American blacks and would have been inconceivable without it. The techniques of direct action, which had not been employed in the United States since the labor struggles of the '30s, were revived by blacks fighting segregation. And though it is now almost forgotten, the first campus uprising—the Berkeley Free Speech Movement—was triggered by a dispute involving the collection of funds for civil rights workers in the South.

While the black movement and the white radical movement on American campuses have been linked historically, in recent years considerable tension has arisen between the two. One important voice calling for an alliance between white radicals and blacks, however, has been the Black Panther Party.

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On the New Haven green May 1 and 2, about 15,000 people, mostly white, rallied in support of Bobby Seale and eight other Panthers on trial for the murder of Alex Rackley. Though the Mayday rallies were overshadowed by the U.S. invasion of Cambodia and the ensuing nationwide student strike, their significance should not be lost. They confirmed a paradoxical development which has been in the making for some time: The Black Panther Party has become the leadership of the white radical movement before becoming the leadership of the black community.

The New Haven rallies were important in another respect. Unlike the predominantly liberal anti-war protests, the Panther demonstrations involved a large percentage of people—perhaps a majority of those present—who now see themselves as revolutionaries.

That aspect of the Mayday rallies was partially obscured by the eminently moderate, politically unrelated strike underway simultaneously at Yale. To call the Yale

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activities a strike is something of an exaggeration. Faculty, administration, and non-radical students acquiesced to the shutdown as an act of institutional self-preservation. Faced with the prospect of a massive demonstration in support of the Panthers on a site adjacent to the campus, the entire university community panicked. When the panic struck, Yale's black faculty and students moved into a position of leadership as the only group that could rescue Yale from becoming a target of the Mayday demonstrations. The black faculty proposed that the university suspend its normal academic functions and welcome the demonstrators, and—with President Kingman Brewster's support—Yale did just that. The suspension of classes, together with Brewster's statement that he doubted black revolutionaries could receive a fair trial, headed off a student versus administration clash. Agnew's denunciation of Brewster increased the solidarity.

Nevertheless, Yale expected the worst when thousands of radicals from all over the northeast arrived in New Haven May 1. But over the Mayday weekend, violence proved to be only marginal. Ultimately, the reason was

not the wit of Kingman Brewster. Odd as it may seem to those outside the radical movement, it was because the Panthers insisted that it be that way. And for the radicals who came to New Haven, the Panthers are the leadership.

The Panthers were not sudden converts to non-violence. Strong opposition to violence at the Mayday rallies had developed within the black community in New Haven. Black groups set up programs for youths in ghetto areas to run simultaneously with the protests and divert attention from them. A coalition of black groups that supported Bobby Seale announced that it would try to keep black high school students away from the New Haven green. Militants denounced white radicals who were coming to New Haven to "play games" for a weekend and who would then leave the black community to suffer the consequences through the summer. It was probably in deference to this strong sentiment within the black community that the Panthers vigorously opposed an outbreak of violence. Though white radicals may recognize the Panthers as the revolutionary vanguard, the party's power ultimately rests not with white radicals, but in the black community. Without its support, the Panthers' long-range campaign to free Bobby Seale "by any means necessary" would be hopeless.

In a sense, it was precisely because the Panthers were serious revolutionaries that they decided violence at the Mayday demonstrations would be counter-productive. They have long opposed spontaneous outbreaks as self-defeating. At the first of the weekend's two big rallies Friday afternoon, Doug Miranda, 19-year-old head of the New Haven Panthers, warned the crowd on the city green, "Spontaneity leads to suicide if you don't discipline it, if you don't organize it." The Panthers were not arguing against violence *per se,* but against unorganized violence. They made it clear, however, that if attacked by the police or white vigilantes, they would defend themselves and the black community.

Friday night the test of their position came. Workshops with defendants from the Chicago "Conspiracy Trial" were finishing in Yale's colleges. A man identifying himself as a Panther interrupted a workshop conducted by Jerry Rubin and announced that several Panthers had been arrested on the green. It was a false alarm, but interestingly, about the same time another man tried to make a similar announcement before a group on Yale's old campus. He was denounced as an *agent provocateur.*

At 10 p.m., a little before this, I had passed a group of four or five Yippies skipping along singing, "Hi Ho, Hi Ho, it's off to trash we go." ("Trashing" involves breaking windows and destroying property, or as certain of our revolutionary theorists put it, "taking a direct toll on the mother country.") As the black groups had said, there were those who came to New Haven to "play games."

The workshops ended, and radicals emptied out of the colleges. Soon a sizable crowd gathered on the green—most of them there out of curiosity—a few bottles were thrown, and the police replied with tear gas. Yale's student marshals lamely tried to contain the situation, urging respect for the Panthers' announced opposition to violence. But the crowd wasn't sure whether that was the Panthers' real position. Maybe it was just their outward stance.

Their doubts were soon assuaged by the Panthers themselves. A Panther sound truck appeared on the street between the city green and the old campus. It moved slowly toward Phelps gate, the passageway to the campus, and as demonstrators trailed behind, a Panther inside cautioned the police not to intervene any further. "The people have the situation under the control," he said, and like a Pied Piper, he led much of the crowd away. Inside the campus the Panthers explained that they had done this before in the black community, because ghetto riots only involved "hassling local merchants and not seizing the means of production." Attacking the police and national guard makes no sense when they have all the weapons.

Such scenes were repeated throughout the weekend,

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and so on Sunday when Kingman Brewster expressed his relief that no major violence had occurred, he gave thanks to Doug Miranda and the New Haven police chief in the same breath.

When the rallies were over, I talked with Roy Bryce-Laporte, a black sociologist at Yale who had introduced the faculty resolution suspending normal academic activities. He didn't know whether the Panthers' opposition to violence was a momentary tactic or a serious policy change. But he added, "What Miranda said this weekend people had been saying to them for years."

What direction the Panthers take (assuming they survive government repression) will probably depend on the temper of New Haven's ghetto and the outcome of the Seale trial. The Panthers are apparently caught betweeen two constituencies—the white radical movement, most of which recognizes the party as its leadership, and the black community, whose full backing the party has yet to win. While the Panthers have called for an alliance with white radicals, most blacks are wary. For example, on April 22 the New Haven Black Coalition, which supports Seale and the other Panthers on trial, vigorously denounced radical whites:

> From their sometimes contradictory rhetoric and frantic posturing, blacks can see that the white radicals are only different in method from their daddies and granddaddies in the callous manipulation of the lives of black people. . . . They cry 'right on' and 'all power to the people' but their purpose is not our purpose and their goals are not our goals. They would seem to be more interested in confrontation for its own sake than in confrontation for the sake of justice for the people on trial. Their goals are versed more in the musty rhetoric of middle-aged political philosophies than in the humanistic needs and aspirations of oppressed and depressed people. The truth in New Haven, as in most of the country, is that the white radical, by frantically and selfishly seeking his personal psychological release, is sharing in the total white conspiracy of denial against black people.

Similarly, black students at Yale have been hostile toward white radicals, especially the Students for a Democratic Society. In an interview in an alumni magazine, one member of the Black Student Alliance at Yale (BSAY) said of radical whites: "They need us, we don't really need them. The whole campaign which SDS raises against racism isn't really genuine because they look at blacks as a catalyst for their revolution; from what little I know about chemistry, the catalyst starts the chemical reaction and other things change but the catalyst never changes." Another black student, a founder of the BSAY, added, "I can't think of a more fundamentally racist conception than the idea that we are to be *used* by people to stimulate their rebellion."

This distrust and hostility is evident not only at Yale, but at most campuses in the country. It has become the top priority problem for white radicals. Nothing is as embarrassing to those claiming to fight for the oppressed as to be attacked by them. To counteract the developing rift with black students, radicals have laid increasing emphasis on the issue of racism. Some have also insisted on the necessity of "Third World leadership" for the entire radical movement. This is a step beyond "black power." Not only should blacks and other oppressed minorities lead their own struggles, the argument goes; since they are more oppressed than other people, they should lead all struggles for liberation. This position has not gone down too well with many radicals. For example, Carl Oglesby wrote last summer in *Liberation* that if radicals expected white workers to join the movement, they should also expect them to generate their own leaders.

But the debate on "Third World leadership" is almost academic. Despite the entreaties of white radicals, blacks have only rarely shown any inclination to lead them. The Panthers' leadership role among radical whites is a mixed blessing for the party. According to one source, one of the Panthers' problems in gaining support in the black community has been their association with white radical groups. At New Haven, Miranda told the crowd of 15,000 on the green that the Panthers were waiting for "a white Huey P. Newton" to lead white revolutionaries. Had Miranda been white himself, some white radicals would no doubt have branded his remark racist.

A related factor in this situation is the distrust among many white radicals of any leadership at all, Third World or otherwise. Beneath the jumble of factions, there is the rather traditional split on the left between anarchist elements, who favor decentralization and spontaneity, and the Leninists, who call for a centralized party and tight discipline. If the Panthers ever establish a close working relationship with white radical leaders, to the point where they make decisions together, it will probably be with the Leninists. Thus the movement's desire for black/white unity may influence its political character.

But for the present, it seems unlikely that white radicals and blacks will join forces. One black student at Yale may have been expressing the sentiment of much of

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the black community when he said, "We have no workable framework for white radicals at this time and in the foreseeable future. We feel that if there ever comes a time when we need the white radicals, regardless of our relationship with them over the past four or five years, if these people are sincere in their fights against oppression and what-not, they'll come over."

One significant, but unnoticed aspect of the New Haven Mayday rallies was the general absence of racial tension during the demonstrations. Blacks and whites mingled freely in the crowds and in the colleges. Several people have suggested that, in general, separatist feelings are on the wane—at least temporarily. A return to the integrationist mentality of the early '60s—which implied integration of blacks into white society and consequently the atomization of black society and the weakening of black culture—is impossible. But various forms of cooperation, based on different terms, especially respect for black political and cultural autonomy, are conceivable. The racial conflicts within the radical movement mirror the conflicts in America as a whole. And the way radicals resolve or fail to resolve those conflicts will matter for the rest of the country, regardless of whether America ever experiences a revolution.

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RUTH FELDMAN

SMALL CHRISTIAN

"Flavia, Tigris Filia
Carissima que vixit
Annis V Meses III
Dies V Oras IIII"

Quotation from San Lorenzo Fuori le Mura in Rome

So prized, Tigris, that you recalled
the moment her mother gave her to the light,
your daughter lived five years,
three months, five days, four hours.
Unskilled hands scratched the inscription
on her burial stone, added crude drawings
of a dove, a heartshaped fruit
suspended from a tree.

Along with other fragments sprung from
the catacomb's dark womb, her marker
mosaics a cloister wall. The glances
of passersby who halt to run their fingers
gently over the incised stone,
warm it as much as sun. My eyes
and hands cannot be the first
and will not be the last, Tigris,
to remember Flavia.

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BOOKS

The holy spirit come to rest on holy discontents

Divine Disobedience: Profiles in Catholic Radicalism

FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

Knopf, $6.95

ARTHUR A. COHEN

Franz Rosenzweig believed our time to be that of the Johannine Gospel, the gospel beyond redemption. He, and all of us born *post Christus*, have been affected by the failed and triumphant Church. We come together now—Christians and Jews—in the aftermath of one holocaustal history and the premonition of another, where neither Gospel nor Law divides us, but only the splendid imprecision of the Holy Spirit. Our time—for Christians and for Jews—is the Johannine time, the time of the Holy Spirit.

Francine Gray's *Divine Disobedience* is essentially an essay on the holy spirit come to rest, not only on those of whom she writes so passionately—David Kirk of Emmaus House, the Berrigan Brothers, Philip and Daniel, and Ivan Illich—but upon countless others, perhaps less heroic, or less imprudent than her chosen few (her report of the trial of the Milwaukee Fourteen was published elsewhere and not included in this collection) and yet, notwithstanding, captives all of the Spirit of God.

The *ruach elohim* (the spirit of God) brooded over the face of the waters. Practically the first words of Genesis. It all begins with the holy spirit. But one wonders about the holy spirit? All of us are perplexed by the ascription of spiritual eccentricity and erraticism to the elliptical movements of the holy spirit. It seems too easy to call the spirit of God to account for every heterodox gesture of the religious life. Much too easy and yet, in the order of freedom, the most profound and demanding attribution.

The spirit of God is the spirit of freedom and creativity. So argued Nicholas Berdyaev, the greatest Russian religious thinker of the 20th century (an argument which deserves more serious attention now than ever before). Berdyaev contended that the ages of the world were three: the age of logic (Greece and the canonic rule of the Law—which latter he misunderstood, but no matter—a predictably Jewish caveat); the age of redemption (the time of Jesus Christ until the Renaissance, or the Enlightenment, or the French Revolution, or Karl Marx—Berdyaev is vague about history as all theologians of history are and should be); and the present age, the age of creativity.

Creativity is the domain of the holy spirit. I have always regarded the first mention in Genesis 1:2 of the *ruach hakodesh*—the brooding of the holy spirit over the waters—as a contemplative mood which anticipates creation, the condensation of force, the reflection upon possibility, the unnerved, anguished prospect of creation and then decision, movement, the invocation of potency. The holy spirit is both a theological construct, a hypostasis, a *persona* abstracted, but not abstract, one with the whole of God as the shadow is with the reality that casts it. Holy Spirit? The divine unconscious. The kingdom of feeling. The morality of compassion.

What unites the fathers of Emmaus House, Daniel and Philip Berrigan, and Ivan Illich is their unanimity of compassion. The dread God is dead, but not the God of compassion. He lives, for only with him *can* we live. It is no longer possible to live with the wrath and justice of God. For one thing, justice in history takes time. No longer do the flames consume Sodom and Gomorrah. God conflagrates slowly. It is men who conflagrate with speed and indifference. The injustice of men can

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only be countered by the compassion of God and by men who burn with his compassion. No wonder that the Berrigans see their lives as recapitulations of the Apostolic moment. Perhaps more to the point, they see their lives as witnesses to the Christ who will come. Not enough for them that the times are crucified. Correctly, as Christians, the resurrection is what makes possible their incredible folly and heroism. No less Father Illich, a dearly beloved friend, whose humor and aristocracy are the emblems of a control so profound as to be—one confesses with embarrassment—quite terrifying. In Ivan Illich, the compassion is articulate in a warm impatience with the nervous divagations of the Church, an ebullient generosity, an intellectual acerbity, a sense of the enormity of the world and the tired historicity of established institutions. And yet notwithstanding his apparent affability, the compassion (as all compassion) covers and subdues an amazed indignation.

All of the profiles in Francine Gray's profoundly moving account of the discontent of the holy spirit cover the indignation. Can it be thought that God is not indignant? But how is the indignation masked? How does God prevent *himself* from breaking his immemorial promise to the descendants of Noah that not again would he destroy us with his anger? How? By compassion. Not alone upon us, but upon himself. He made us and he endures our imperfection without narcissistic disapproval. In fact, not a peep out of him—which is lamentable given his ancient verbosity. But, then, thank him for that, that he doesn't give in. He's a well-analyzed God and he's had the best analyst. The Holy Spirit.

I would not think to recount the narrative of *Divine Disobedience*. What's the point for the readers of *Commonweal?* Who doesn't know of the origins of American Catholic radicalism in the Catholic Worker, who doesn't know of the Baltimore Four, the Catonsville Nine, the Milwaukee Fourteen, the charitable capaciousness of Bishop Mendez Arceo of Cuernavaca and his redoubtable charges, Ivan Illich (no longer Monsignor, having renounced that and other non-canonic privileges after his most recent censure) and his Center of Intercultural Documentation or Lemercier's little therapeutic monastery of Santa Maria de la Resurrección.

What one might not know is that Francine Gray has written less an account of radical politics and political strategy (although she has done that), less an account of men obsessed by apocalypse and historical end-points (she has done that), less an account of pacifism, war-resistance, civil disobedience (she has done that), than an account of the one thing which is real hope: the renewal of the presence of God. The divine presence is in the spirit. Theological immanentism, smacks and bites of pantheism, doctrinal loose constructionism, what do these matter if indeed the spirit grows and is abundant?

The times since the completion of her book have become more dark, the provocations more grotesque, the nerves of men more raw and abraded. And to whom could one possibly look? Not the God of justice. Of him I dare not ask, for I would be judged with them, with those others who do not care, neither do they suffer from the same wounds. Only to the God of mercy.

Divine Disobedience: Profiles in Catholic Radicalism is a splendid, controlled, biting document on the wisdom of folly. Only the fool can dare and the courage of folly among men is the spirit of God.

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DAVID M. KENNEDY

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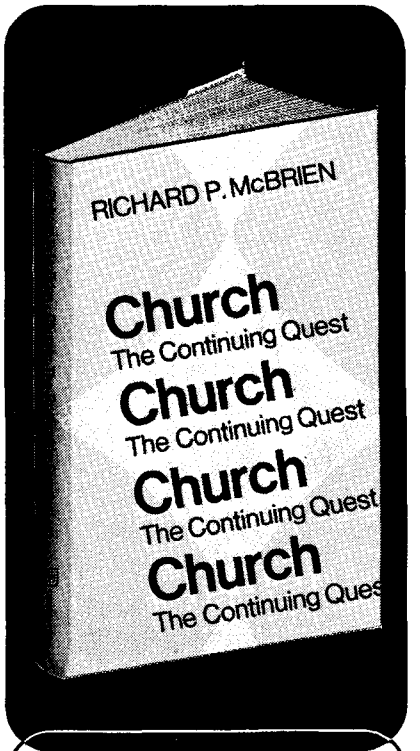

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passed from the white, Protestant middle classes would come even sooner. Religious people generally thought birth control violated God's law as well. Thus, out of prejudice, ignorance or conviction, most churches resisted the spread of contraceptive information until quite recently. State laws made knowledge of the facts hard to get and harder yet to distribute. Hence, though effective contraceptives existed, millions of unwanted babies were born, families ruined, and the health of mothers destroyed. This being so, the handful of birth control pioneers who struggled against law and custom, Margaret Sanger especially, command posterity's respect.

In the hagiography of social reform, Mrs. Sanger occupies one of the higher places. Hers is the only name associated with birth control that the average person is likely to recognize. The chief merit of David Kennedy's solid, well-researched study is that it puts both Mrs. Sanger and the movement she headed in perspective. Most of her biographers are more worshipful than illuminating. The convention is to show the importance of her work, how bravely she did it, and what benefits flowed therefrom. By now this is nearly all self-evident. What we really need to know concerns the relationships between goals sought, means used, and results obtained. Kennedy sheds much light on these matters. And in the process he shows more clearly than anyone has before how complex Mrs. Sanger was. That she was a great woman goes without saying, but it does have to be said that she was less successful than she might have been.

Her weaknesses were mostly related to her strengths. She was headstrong and domineering, a propagandist and agitator rather than a strategist and organizer. She could effect breakthroughs more easily than she could exploit them. Though she understood that contraception had to be handled chiefly as a medical issue, pride kept her from doing so effectively. Robert Latou Dickinson, an outstanding gynecologist, wanted to advance medical knowledge by joining his professional standing and resources to her reputation and connections. He tried repeatedly to bring about such a union in vain. Mrs. Sanger admitted that her own clinic was inadequate. Yet she could not let leadership of the movement pass from her hands. Contraceptive research languished for years in consequence.

She also handled the Catholic opposition badly. Every time the church attacked her she counterattacked. Mrs. Sanger liked to fight. She thought the publicity such exchanges generated useful, as perhaps it was. However bravely she advanced it, though, her strategy was self-defeating. Catholics were not all of one mind on birth control. Yet instead of minimizing their differences with her she maximized them. So long as she headed the birth control movement Catholics, however sympathetic, would find cooperation difficult. This didn't keep many of them from using artificial contraceptives. It did retard the formation of that rough consensus on birth control which now obtains.

Professor Kennedy implies that Mrs. Sanger was most useful to birth control before 1920. She made it a national issue and drew powerful allies to its support. (Shedding her own political radicalism in the process.) In the 1920s and afterwards she prevented organized medicine from adopting it for a time and made unnecessary enemies. She was not above exploiting fears of the immigrant and the "unfit." The qualities that made her contributions possible at first were precisely what compromised them later. Which shows only that movements usually need different kinds of leadership at different stages of development. Perhaps the chief criticism to be made of Mrs. Sanger is that she hung on too long. But her movement sobered anyway and in the Planned Parenthood Federation got the conventional leadership it required. The delay cost some lives no doubt, yet who is to say that they were more than would have been lost had Mrs. Sanger not begun the struggle. After all, she risked everything for the cause when few else dared to. Nothing that happened later can dim the memory of what she did.

It is important to know what came afterwards, however, and to draw such lessons from the history of Mrs. Sanger and her movement as we can. *Birth Control in America* is the first study to make that effort. It is a dense, not a lively book, and written with more earnestness than wit. But it should be widely read all the same for there is much to be learned from it. And because it takes her so seriously it is a better tribute to Mrs. Sanger than the easy books that mean to glorify her work and end by trivializing it.

"AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL says *'allegations' of torture of Arabs by Israelis should be investigated. Whereupon, outrage. The American branch of AI formally dissociated itself from the report; the Israeli government cried foul but still expressed no interest in an investigation by impartial outsiders. There the matter seems to have been dropped by everyone. The Greeks have a word for it."*

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Speaking to Each Other
Volume I: About Society
Volume II: About Literature

RICHARD HOGGART

Oxford U. Press, Vol. I, $6.50, Vol. II, $7.50

BRIAN WICKER

I regard it as a privilege to be able to review these two volumes of Richard Hoggart's essays, written over the last decade or so. One reason is that I owe a good deal not only to his writing but also to working with him at the

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University of Birmingham. The other is that, having recently spent a year teaching in the U.S., I find it an interesting assignment to introduce these essays to an American audience. For, in many ways, Richard Hoggart is almost defiantly English and his work reflects what Bernard Bergonzi in *The Situation of the Novel* recently called "the ideology of being English."

Richard Hoggart first came to prominence with the publication of *The Uses of Literacy* (1957), which is a remarkable combination of social and literary criticism applied to the cultural situation of the postwar working class in England. It gave an impressionistic and memorable account of working-class life in pre-war Leeds, based upon personal experience, and then went on to consider the changes in attitudes, values and habits brought about in that kind of life by the influence of the newer mass-communications systems. In pursuing this theme, the author was continuing and developing a field first explored, I suppose, by Orwell in such essays as *Boys Weeklies, Raffles and Miss Blandish* and *The Art of Donald McGill*. The present volumes expand that work in various ways.

Volume 1—*About Society*—discusses three main topics. The first is the background to the author's own personal experience—problems arising from being a successful professional man who still feels strong ties with the class he came from, and the problem of finding the right tone of voice with which to speak about that situation. Here the discussion is inescapably local and English: the problem itself is perhaps unintelligible to anyone not familiar, in some measure, with the peculiar inflections and gestures of the English class system. Secondly, the volume contains essays on the educational dilemmas that such a system generates—the clash of claims for equality of opportunity, for meritocratic competitive rewards, for the preservation of traditional snobberies and for revolutionary change. Thirdly, there are essays on the mass media. Some of these, such as the essay on the reception of the "Pilkington Report" (June 1962) on the future of broadcasting—which Richard Hoggart had a major part in shaping—are rooted in the English situation, but others, like "The Case Against Advertising" are relevant to all advanced commercial societies.

Volume 2—*About Literature*—contains essays on particular writers (W. H. Auden, Graham Greene, George Orwell, Tom Wolfe, Samuel Butler and others) and discussions of some theoretical questions. These include problems in teaching (especially in the adult education context) and in writing (i.e., the difficulty of autobiographical writing at the present time), and also the relation of the literary critical discipline to the social sciences.

It will be clear already that these volumes contain a widely varied range of material. What is it then that gives the collection a unity? The answer is fundamentally simple: the personality that emerges from all of them. Arising from the working class background and the sensitivity to tones of voice and inflections of speech, the literary personality to be found here is very distinctive: friendly, informal, reasonable, unbuttoned, but also astringent, with an undercurrent of passion and resoluteness that flashes out at times through the easy-going manner. These essays are not the work of a massively equipped scholar, but of one who is "in touch" with what is going on in all kinds of places—university English departments, social research centers, the corridors of power, the Leeds slums, the pubs on the new housing estates, the newspaper offices and the television studies. But this is not to suggest that they are merely journalistic or documentary: on the contrary they are the result of applying a first-class literary sensibility to a range of problems that most academics are content to forget or to dismiss with a few ignorant generalizations.

In Volume 1, the essay on "Difficulties of Democratic Debate" seems to me to be very typical and very important. It concerns the way newspapers and other media dealt with the

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report I already mentioned on the future of broadcasting. This report was itself a model of intelligent and well-informed discussion of the immense problems concerning the social responsibilities of the mass-media: how to reconcile mass demand and minority tastes, how to give editorial freedom while respecting proper moral and public sensibilities, how to inform and entertain in a democracy without losing sight of the need for scope and originality for serious artists and writers, how to avoid the stranglehold of government or commercial finance on the freedom of the media. But the actual response of the media men themselves was cliché-ridden, stereotyped, shoddy. The fine distinctions were obliterated in a slanging match between vested interests. In the essay Richard Hoggart stands appalled at the crudity of the "democratic" response to his own efforts. He tries to explain, patiently and reasonably to himself, and to us, why the report should have been treated to this "exceptional demonstration of distortion, tendentiousness, personal abuse, half-truth, straight misrepresentation, disingenuousness, pseudo-honesty and irresponsibility." This is one of those moments when the passion and sense of personal investment break through the surface calm, so that we see underneath the politeness to adversaries a sense of outrage that comes, ultimately, from the experience of personal exploitation.

In Volume 2, I personally found the two essays on teaching especially interesting. The first is a reminiscence of Bonamy Dobreé, the author's best remembered teacher at Leeds University, and the second a set of reflections on teaching literature to mature adult students. I think that American readers would learn, from these, a number of important differences between the English and the American ways of approaching literature, and about the atmosphere of university life. The kind of relationship Hoggart had with Professor Dobreé must be very rare in any American institution; and the kind of teaching that adult students get from classes of the sort that Hoggart himself took for many years must also be rare —a mixture of homeliness and disciplined, demanding work that one is lucky to find anywhere in fact.

It should perhaps be pointed out that some of these essays were originally written ten or more years ago, and a few details are now wrong. In a few places one wishes things had been brought up to date. But perhaps their chief limitation is simply the obverse of their manifest virtues. Their tone, their assumptions, their tastes are so humane, so intelligent and so rational that something gets left out: the madness that great genius borders on, the sense of the mind at the end of its tether, the metaphysical abysses that open up under the feet when one reads the works of great religious or atheistical writers, and which is still present in American writing even though it has largely disappeared from that middle ground of sane civility where most English writers live, and where Richard Hoggart is most at home.

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REVIEWERS

ARTHUR A. COHEN is the author of *The Myth of the Judeo-Christian Tradition* (Harper & Row).

WILLIAM L. O'NEILL wrote *Everyone Was Brave: The Rise and Fall of Feminism in America* (Quadrangle).

BRIAN WICKER is the author of several books, most recently (with Terry Eagleton) *From Culture to Revolution.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 283)

Has the man involved any legal rights over the decision to abort his child? Would this depend on interpretation of the nature of the fetus, e.g., entailing property or personal rights?

The Vatican II statement which Father Drinan quotes disparages coercion that would be *dishonorable*. Father implies that promotion of values which are also religious values are indecorous. Why are episcopal statements "inappropriate intrusions in a pluralistic society"? What are the "unfortunate results" of Catholic spokesmen's intervening in the political order?

I will appreciate any further attention which *Commonweal* can devote to this critical issue. I especially hope that suggestions for the implementation of improving the situations which lead to a woman's considering having an abortion will be forthcoming.

I become daily more convinced that a pluralistic society is impossible unless there is present some basic unity. Respect for life enforced by law seems to

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me to be one of the most basic sources of the unity which will permit diversity. A participatory government will dissolve unless those who value it wisely participate.

I am grateful for *Commonweal's* and Father Drinan's efforts to educate the public. I look forward to further helpful information. Also, I wish Father Drinan all success in his political campaign. EILEEN MACNEIL, IHM

REPLY—The comments of Sr. Eileen MacNeil on my article in *Commonweal* [April 17] raise substantial questions, many of which are answered in my 9,000-word article in the March 1970 issue of *Theological Studies.*

Sister Eileen's comments appear to miss one of my essential points, namely that laws which are unenforced and unenforceable are dubiously valid laws. I do not, of course, rejoice that at least one-third of the 50 states now no longer protect the inviolability of every fetus to be born. The real question, however, is the difficult choice which now must be made between a modified abortion law which gives to the government the right to say who will live and who will die or the withdrawal of all criminal sanctions. The latter system merely brings it about that the law is silent with regard to the protection of the first 20 weeks of non-viable fetal life.

Sister Eileen raises the question of what "unfortunate results" have followed from Catholic spokesmen's intervening in the political order. Since Sister Eileen kindly wishes me "all success" in my candidacy for a seat in the United States Congress it may not be out of place to note that I have encountered on hundreds of occasions during the past few weeks the deep distrust which non-Catholics have of Catholic spokesmen as a result of the pressure which Catholic spokesmen in Massachusetts have in the past brought to bear on public officials and on the electorate to preserve unenforced and unenforceable laws regarding birth control. It is clear beyond doubt that most of the non-Catholics in Massachusetts still resent deeply the refusal of Catholic officials until about 1967 to ease their attitude in any way with regard to a law which to virtually all non-Catholics represented a strictly sectarian Catholic point of view.

Abortion is, of course, clearly distinguishable from birth control but the prohibition of the Second Vatican Council of "coercion" by one religious group surely must apply to the question of abortion and the law—however painful and difficult the consequences appear.

It seems probable that within the next few months or years virtually all of the states in America will have a "liberalized" abortion law. Perhaps the best thing for Catholics and others opposed on moral grounds to abortion to do would be the initiation of a vast educational program designed to convince Americans that the fetus is actually a potential human being whose right to existence may not be taken away for the mere convenience of other persons. ROBERT F. DRINAN, S.J.

Other Way Around

Staten Island, N.Y.

To the Editors: The article, "The Final Solution for College Unrest," by Philip Kayal [March 27] has been recently brought to my attention. It gives the impression that I, the Jewish Chairman of the Division of Philosophy and Theology, supported the dean against the President and the Board of Trustees. I wish to make it clear that this is not true. I have always opposed the dean in the current controversy and given my full support to the President and Board of Trustees. HEROLD S. STERN

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